[Beautiful Whiskers]

Beliefs & Customs - Folkstuff

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Title ...Such a beautiful whiskers.

Place of origin N.Y. Date 11/29/39

Project worker Terry Roth

Project editor

Remarks Form C with text W8176

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview Section III [5?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth Sam Schwartz

ADDRESS 47 West 69 Street 152 West 13 Street

DATE March 28, 1959

SUBJECT Such A Beautiful Whiskers!

1. Date and time of interview

3-27-28 afternoon

2. Place of interview

I.L.C.W.U.

3. Name and address of informant

Mr. Wollman

- 4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
- 5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

Sam Schwartz

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

FOLKLORE

NEW YORK

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Terry Roth Sam Schwartz

ADDRESS 47 West 69 Street 152 West 13 Street

DATE March 28, 1939

SUBJECT Such A Beautiful Whiskers!

SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WHISKERS!

Take, for instance, Sholem Asch is a beautiful writer but he suffers from a certain defect. If you would visualize Asch's writing, like a tree with colors and ornaments. But Schneier is so realistic. He grows in the darkness in a very intimate relationship and you don't feel that this is pornagraphic. It is so realistic. But Asch has a narrow scope. The style of his writing is too ornamental.

You know? I'm beginning to feel a medieval Monk's contempt for existence. First, a year and a half out of work. And now I have a room. It is so dark. Besides, that <u>atmosphere</u>. Do not misunderstand. I live with Galician Jews. I don't like to condemn a people. It is account

of their talk. They are very small and petty. And they have a right to be small. They had a very poor country. So they have acquired very ugly characteristics. When I came to America I was running to Austria. Why did I run to Austria? Because I had there a cousin. A very prominent man.

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So I ran there, when I was laying in hide a couple of weeks until to put me over the other side. So I went there. I want to give you the characteristics of the Galician Jews. So one day I was sitting in a restaurant and right across me when I raised my eyes, I seen a beautiful whiskers, big, long, blonde whiskers. And when I lifted my eyes, the face that belonged to those whiskers—so terrible! I thought, 'What a beautiful whiskers and what a terrible face'. So I was looking on him in amazement. Suddenly I heard four or five men come in, talking, talking, talking, talking. One of those Jews, also with whiskers starts in talking, like singing, "si gyin, si gyin—they go, they go." He says to that one I'm looking at. "How is it possible that a man with such a beautiful whiskers like you, has to be connected with such a ugly earnings." So I know immediately that he is a white slaver. So you know what he answered him? You know, the Galicians talk with such a sing song. "[?], Vus sol ich to-in? Sis my penu-isa". ("Well, what shall I do? I'm making a living). So one picked up a big bottle and hit him over his head and killed him. I din't even winkle with my eyes. I thought to myself, 'Such a creature deserves such a vulgar death!. Can there be anything more vulgar when one dies with a bottle over his head? Since then, when I talk to the galicians, it is ringing in my ears, 'Nee-ee, Vus sol ich to-in? Sis my penu-isa".

I'm from Russia, Central Russia. We lived with the best feelings with gentiles. You know —Russia has 170 million people, she has 126 million people the city folks. The rest of them are from outlying villages. The Cotsipps (Greek Orthodox Russians) are actually the bulk of Russias culture. You meet a Russian, he's six feet two or six feet four, with those whiskers.

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But he is just like a child. He will open up his heart and, "Go! Look at it". You know, when I came to Galicia and I seen these Galicians, many times I was actually gasping for air. I couldn't breath. In my career of wanderings I lived with Litvaks too. But they are so different. First of all, a Litvak, he will not—when it comes Friday, no matter what he has. "Mr. Wollman, you MUST eat with us on the Sabbath." YOU HAVE TO. And they are a very poor country. But they are a different kind of people.